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Life is dearer, Heaven is nearer,
And the earth her curse defies—
And your love fills earth and Heaven
In my dream, loved Creole Eyes!

Hark! what mighty voice has spoken—
What has called the dead years back?
Time once more is sweeping by me,
In the old unchanging track!
Weary hand, where is thy power?
With the charmed music gone!
Loving eyes, have ye too faded—
Have ye left my soul alone?
Not alone! there strife and madness,
Rest between two broken sighs:
Weary days of loss and longings,
In thy place, oh Creole Eyes!

Not alone—for all the phantoms
That those dying years awoke:
All the passion, all the fever,
Weary hearts that loved and broke!
All the anguish of the future—
Memory's curse when *that* might fail—
Flattery, and hate, and envy,
For the old enchanted tale!
There is glory! I have gained it,
With the worm that never dies:
Gained to soothe me when you perished—
Gained for *you*—lost Creole Eyes!

MINETTE.

MUSIC IN UTICA, NEW YORK.

THE SACRED CONCERT.—Last night a large and attentive audience sat in judgment in St. John's Church upon the Mass composed by the talented organist of the church, Mr. C. G. St. Clair. The instrumental part was sustained by a full orchestra. The solos of Mrs. Matthew J. Shanly, Mr. T. B. Prendergast and Mr. Edwards were exceeding well rendered, and had the church been a place for such manifestations, they would have been heartily applauded. And we should not fail also to notice that basso, Mr. Edward Kunkeley. He would certainly have been one of the favored ones last evening, had there been any demonstrations of approval. These sacred masses of the Catholic Church are a welcome addition to our concert programmes. They have about them that subdued, religious air which appeals to the deeper feelings of the heart, and they also form a fine contrast to the secular music of the day. We enjoy secular music all the better from hearing occasionally such sacred pieces. While the new Mass of Mr. St. Clair is one that interests *per se*, yet it must have the benefit of an equal amount of choice singing and very superior instrumental music before its full beauties and excellencies can be produced. And such support, in a great measure, it received last night. The full chorus in the "Gloria in Excelsis" well expressed the idea of the composer, and then it was all the better enjoyed by allowing the soprano and tenor alone to take up the "Qui tollit peccata mundi." Mrs. Shanly's fine soprano voice showed well in the "Ave Maria" of part second, and in this place also the skill of the composer made the music express the full sentiment of the production. The success of the Mass was achieved even before the rendition of the "Benedictus" and "Angus Dei," and yet all felt that the music in the two latter parts appropriately crowned the evening's entertainment. Taken as a whole, the

Mass was certainly a great success, and reflects honor upon its composer, Mr. St. Clair. We hope this will not be the last Sacred Concert of the Choir of St. John's Church. The individual members of the Choir well performed the part assigned them last evening, and we feel sure that another Concert would be well received by the people of Utica.—*Ex.*

[From the London Musical World.]

ROSSINI, THE MUSICAL COMPOSER.

I met Rossini the other day in the Palais Royal. Every one is acquainted with his physiognomy, which is that of a somewhat caustic old gentleman. Since the invention of photography, sudden surprises are no more things of this world. We know every one and everything beforehand. I experienced, however, a very great degree of pleasure at beholding the features of this glorious enchanter of our age. He was walking along slowly, with his head bent forward, and his chin plunged in his cravat. Everything about him was the picture of neatness, with a dash of dandyism, evidenced in his whole appearance, even down to the untarnished brilliancy of the new rosette which ornamented his capacious frock coat. We sometimes come across singular coincidences. The very same morning I had been reading, in an English review, that happened to be lying upon a friend's table, a few pages in which the *mastro* played a part. The anonymous author of the article protested warmly against the assertion of a biographer who had denounced Rossini as an intriguing, unconscientious, envious man, just as if any but the incapable were envious in this world. I thought, with satisfaction, of what I had read in the morning. I fancied that the master's face completed the critic's vengeance. The said critic was well acquainted with Rossini, whom he represented as a man of charming mind, full of wit and repartee, and at the same time as possessing a heart of gold, open to every grand thought. People have often spoken of his caustic disposition, but always left in the shade his amiable qualities, even denying their existence; just as if the man who had produced the prayer in "Moise" and the trio in "Guillaume Tell" could, by any possibility, be simply a quibbler upon words. There are, it is true, many individuals whose sentiments are greatly cried up, but who are really nothing more than mere phrase-mongers.

Rossini, it has been said, did not do justice to the talent of his rivals. The English critic denies this. He is far too great himself, says the critic, not to appreciate greatness in others. How often has he been found landing to the skies the music of Weber and Mendelssohn! "One day I told him"—it is the English critic who is speaking—"that we had had some music at my house the evening before." "What did you sing?" he inquired. "Things by Rossini." "Do not sing them," he replied, with gentle irony: "their day is gone by. But what did you sing besides?" "Something by Mendelssohn." "In that case," he observed, "you sang something exquisite, tender, and delicate."

This homage rendered to the genius of another man is more than sufficient refutation of the stupid calumny which represents the greatest composer of our time as the systematic and sworn detractor of modern music.

One night, at his house, the conversation turned upon the necessity of falsehood. "As no one can bear the truth," it was remarked, "it is in-

dispensable for us to lie, in order not to make an enemy at every step we take." A hundred instances were adduced to prove this. Rossini, however, maintained that nothing was gained by falsehood, after all. "Here is a proof, he said: "Some one brought me an opera he had composed, and begged me to give him my opinion with perfect sincerity. He himself began a system of falsehood when he adopted this tone. What he wanted was not my opinion, but my unconditional approbation. He sat down to the piano. I listened to twenty pages of his opera. 'Shall I act with perfect sincerity toward you?' I inquired, pointing with my finger to a passage more unlucky than the rest. He scarcely allowed me time to speak before he exclaimed: 'My dear *mastro*, if you will only be kind enough to read once more the passage which precedes, you will perceive that the passage you condemn is the natural consequence of it.' 'If it is necessary, we will say no more about it,' I replied, and we went on. In a few minutes I suggested a correction altogether indispensable. 'My dear *mastro*,' observed my visitor, 'if you will kindly glance over the following, you will see that this passage is most essential, and that the slightest change would spoil the whole effect.' 'If the slightest change would spoil the whole effect, let the passage stand,' I answered. We went on still further, but the work at last became so insupportable that I shut up the book, and said to the composer: 'Mio caro Signore, questa contra musica è la musica più' (here I indulged in a vigorous Italian adjective, which I beg my hearers will excuse me for not repeating) 'cioè abbia mai sentita in vita mia.' ('My dear sir, your music is really the worst music I have seen in my life.') Well, the gentleman never liked me afterwards," added Rossini, looking at his auditors with an expression of mild surprise, which caused them to nearly die of laughing.

One day that there was company at Rossini's, he had a visit from a lady formerly a professional singer, but who had left the stage, and was then one of Rossini's most ardent admirers. "I recollect perfectly having seen you at Bologna, with your father," he remarked; "but you never came to call upon me. All the other prime donne used to do so. Why did not you?" "Exactly because the others did so," replied the lady. You were then all powerful, and might have believed I came from interested motives. At present I have no longer any need of your assistance; consequently I come, and it is gratitude that brings me."

Bursting into tears, and taking the lady's two hands in his own, Rossini exclaimed: "Oh, cara cure così non si trovano quo, in questo mondo; no, non si trovano più!" ("My dear madam, hearts like yours are no longer found in this world.")

With how many scoundrels he must have met on his path, for a few disinterested words to move him to such a pitch!

[Special Correspondence of the Picayune.]

THE NEW PARIS PLAY.

PARIS, Octoober, 1866.

To say M. Sardou's new play is successful is to speak coldly. It is one of those great successes which enrich a theatre and an author, and keep possession of the bills for about one hundred consecutive nights. I am told the manager reckons his receipts from the piece at \$200,000, and M. Sardou is sure of \$25,000 from it. Lord Mansfield